The Bourbon News.

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WHAT UNCLE HENRY THINKS.

"See here, you boys that's settin' 'round and findin' fault because
This here old world is different just now from what it was—
Say, ain't you just a bit ashamed? I'd be if I was you!
Look up there at the sky; I guess it's still the same old blue;
The leaves a-flutterin' on the trees are just as nice and green
As any one from Adam down, I'll bet, has ever seen.

"Say, ain't the breeze that's fannin' you as sweet, I want to know,
As any breeze that fer your dads or their dads used to blow?
The days are just as long and bright as when the land was new;
Man's done a lot of things, but laws! there's lots still left to do—
Why, Alexander thought he'd done the whole thing slick and flat,
But Aleck left us quite a batch of jobs to tinker at.

"You think you haven't any chance? Well, back in Caesar's day
I reckon there were lots of chaps looked at it just that way,
But you can bet old Jule himself wa'n't growlin' round because
The state of things had happened to be just the way it was!
Say, ain't you just a bit ashamed to set there lookin' blue,
When every day some new thing's done that you'd of liked to do?"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

WHY DORSEY REMAINED.

By Gwendolen Overton.

THERE was not much excuse for Dorsey. He had horrible warnings under his very eyes. He had, time and again, said what he thought about any American who would marry a Mexican girl. He knew quite well enough that it was a sin against common sense, which carried its own sure punishment. But he married a Mexican; and the best that can be said for him after that is that when the punishment came he took it like a man, and no one, not even his wife herself, ever heard him complain. He had shaken the dice himself, and he abode by the throw.

She was pretty; he was lonely—at least he thought, then, that he was, but later on he discovered what real loneliness is, the loneliness a deux. To be sure, there were American girls in the town, but they were totally impossible, and, whatever else was to be said of Candalaria Soubieta, at least she was uncommonly well-born. Race was in every feature of her pretty little face.

Dorsey had always cherished unmitigated contempt for the Mexican way of making love. Candalaria had not. So Dorsey made love in the Mexican way—and to the uttermost. In his time he had scoffed at youths who would go to the opera and never look once at the stage, in order that they might nearly cut their necks off on their high collars, twisting their heads around to gaze at a novia seated in her parents' box. He did not now. It was flechando, a tribute to his lady, which was expected of him. He had to practice it everywhere, in the plaza, in the cathedral, in the portales. He had to stand on the sidewalk and talk to her through the gratings of a window, or, worse yet, up to her balcony. All the world might both see and hear, but she broke him to the acceptance of that. It was haciendo l'urso, and a custom of the land. Dorsey opined at first that it was a fool costumbre, but Candalaria did not understand. She explained that he must see her that way or not at all.

"But I called at your house," he objected, "before we were engaged."

"It is because we are engaged," said Candalaria, "that you may not call now."

A wit has observed that when the irresistible meets the immovable, if the immovable be a woman, the irresistible retireth from business. But only one who has observed a Mexican woman and her ways can get the full force of that. Dorsey relinquished his Anglo-Saxon prejudices against advertising sentiments and affections to an unfeeling world. He made love through the gratings and by twine-graph for the passers-by to see.

Candalaria went upon the principle that experience has taught the woman of her people, and, believing that it was well to get quite all she could in the way of devotion out of a man while he was yet her novio, since none would be forthcoming from a husband, she put Dorsey through the paces very thoroughly. She quarreled with him for no other purpose than to make him sue for her favor and eat humble pie. She was sweetness itself one moment, and abominable the next. She broke the engagement half a dozen times. Dorsey was not a simpleton. He had more than ordinary ability and good sense. With an American girl for a sweetheart he would have put up with no nonsense at all. But he was putty in Candalaria's little hands. If you doubt the consistency of that, just go to Mexico and watch a similar case for a while.

It was, however, after the Senorita Soubieta had condescended from the glory of her high estate to wed a mere Gringo, and had become the Senora Dorsey, that Dorsey's real pleasures began. To start with, he found that he had a family made to his hand. The sisters and the cousins and the aunts of "Pinafore" were nothing to his acquired ones. They came singly, like the animals two by two, in knots and groups. They were without end. All day long they sat about the patio of the little house where he had hoped to have Candalaria to himself, crouched upon low cowhide-and-wicker chairs, wrapped in black shawls, chattering, giggling, gossiping.

Dorsey had an unhealthy feeling that it was very like a harem. But they had to be treated with respect. They were of his wife's family, and it was a family that was little less than sacred in the land. Her male relatives came too. Dorsey loathed them—worse, even, than he did the females of the tribe. (He called them that to his inmost self.) They were as irreproachable and immaculate in appearance as the females were slovenly. But if they were good for any practical thing, Dorsey had yet to discover it. It annoyed him to know that they were disporting themselves in elegant leisure about his house, drinking copas of his brandy and good wine, while he was at the office toiling for a modest livelihood. And the worst of it was that he might not even indulge in a thorough-going contempt for them. They were much better educated than he was, and not one of them but had two or three languages and accomplishments. Dorsey himself had been developed along other lines, and he was perfectly well aware that they thought him material and crude.

Now, just as Dorsey was in danger of doing something rash and asserting himself, the way was opened to him. It was the chance of his life. He knew it was, the one knocking of fortune at his door. Dorsey was in the railroad and the railroad was, of course, an American affair. He had taken the place of a native youth who had no notion of letting business interfere with the serious matter of pelando pavo—otherwise, parading beneath his sweetheart's balcony.

The place was a good enough one, but it offered no prospects. That which he now saw afar off did. There was a Great Man at the head of things in the railway, who had had his eye on Dorsey for some time. He wrote at this juncture, that he was going down to the town where Dorsey was to have a look at things, and he hinted at promotion and change, and at a billet in the City of Mexico. Dorsey knew, very well, what the billet would probably be. It required other qualities besides business ability—social qualities, as the advertisements say. It meant making one's self universally agreeable, and entertaining a good deal. And it was a very desirable thing.

The heart of Dorsey was filled with joy. So far as he knew there were not more than a dozen or so members of his wife's family in the City of Mexico. And the city was large and cosmopolitan and alive. He dreamed rosy dreams and told them to Candalaria. She was not so pleased as he had expected her to be. She would have to have papa and mama, the primos and primas, and all the rest. But Dorsey dwelt tactfully upon the shops of the Calle de San Francisco, the drives in the paseo, and the theatre and opera, and she was cheered.

Then the Great Man came. He brought with him his young wife. Dorsey looked at her. He had a sickening sense, as he did so, that his own birthright had been something such as she, and he began to have a proper understanding of what he had done. He told the Great Man that he had a wife himself—that he had married a Mexican. There passed a shadow across the august brow. Dorsay saw it. That night, however, he took Candalaria to call at the hotel. There was trouble about it. Candalaria did not want to go. Why should she bother about a Gringa who was nothing to her. She wished to go to the plaza instead, and to hear the band. They would go to the plaza afterward, Dorsey compromised. "With the Gringa? Pues no!" What would her family say to her for picking up any excursionista that came along? Which—knowing Candalaria—was not a promising frame of mind. Dorsey foresaw trouble. And it duly came.

Candalaria took one look at the Great Man's wife, and decided, out of hand, that Dorsey was in love with her. She did not make a scene then and there, but she took what was very nearly as unpleasant a course. She could speak English very passably, but she shut her little crimson lips now and refused to say a word. When the Great Man or his wife spoke to her, she smiled sweetly and shook her pretty head. "No speek Engleesh," was the uttermost she would consent to say. Dorsey's rage was—naturally enough, in view of the situation—very great. But it did not blind him to many things, to the contrast for instance, between the smooth brushed locks of the Great Man's wife, and the frizzled strands of those of his own; between the former's supple grace, and the latter's undeniable chunkiness; between the former's chic, and the latter's dowdiness. Candalaria's feet had never looked so like twin flat irons, and never had her waist seemed so square and her skirt so hitched up in front and draggling behind. In the matter of features and of hands, however, Candalaria had the advantage, unquestionably. Only—Dorsey looked at the face which changed and lighted with every thought; and then he looked at the pretty placid one. He looked at the large, firm fingers and palms, and then at the little, white flacid ones.

When the situation begun to get unendurable Dorsey, in reckless despair, decided to brave his wife and all her family, and to take the Gringos to the plaza anyway. Candalaria saw in that not only open disregard of her wishes, an open affront and humiliation, but a ruse to enable him to walk with the Gringa, with whom he was in love, and to exploit her before the town. While the Great Man and his wife went for their hats, Dorsey gave Candalaria a piece of advice.

"You talk to him," he said; "You can do it, and I want you to."

"I am ashamed," she said, "my English is so bad."

"It is not," he contradicted. "It's charming, and I insist that you talk to him."

"Muy bien," acquiesced Candalaria, "very well."

He should have mistrusted that complacency, Dorsey should.

They walked in the plaza. Then they went to the pasteleria for an ice. Then Dorsey invited them to luncheon the next day. They accepted, and he spent the rest of the night and all the morning devising means and pretexts for getting the black-shawled females out of the way. As for the men, however much he might dislike, he was not ashamed of them. He succeeded so well that there were only two aunts and as many male cousins at the board, and the luncheon went off auspiciously. Dorsey wished the Great Man to see his qualifications as a host, as such were of importance in the post in view. There was only one drawback, which was that Candalaria—having decided that her husband was talking to the Gringa a great deal too much—forgot her English again, and sat in smiling and shrugging stolidity.

After the luncheon, the Great Man drew Dorsey aside, as they smoked their cigars. Dorsey felt that the moment had come.

"Charming little home you have," said the Great Man, glancing about the flowered patio. "A charming wife, and a charming home. What fellow could ask more?"

Dorsey hazarded the opinion that the town, however, was rather dead. The Great Man was a student of the poets as well. He resorted to poetry:

"'Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?'"

And by way of illustration he puffed lazy whiffs of smoke at the flowers of the jasmine vine.

"A man could not ask for nearer heaven than this," he said.

Dorsey wondered if this were just bluff—or—— He whipped himself up to the scratch, and said something about the ineradicable American love of work for its own sake.

"When," observed the Great Man, "you have reached my age, you will be content enough to rest."

Then he drew out his watch. They were leaving on the afternoon train for the city, his wife and he. The senora would excuse their haste.

When they had gone Dorsey took Candalaria into the house. He stood in front of her with his fists clenched and his jaws set.

"What," he asked, "did you say in the plaza last night?" It was the only chance she had had. "Don't lie to me. I'll ask him if you do."

Candalaria's crimson lips parted and curled up in a sneer. "Why should I lie? I told him that I would never live in the city because there were too many political people and vulgar Americans there."

Dorsey's jaw was not set now. It dropped. "When you knew that he had come to ask me to go! When you knew that I wanted to—" he said. The lips curled a little more.

"When I knew," she mocked, "that you wanted to be near your Gringa love——"

She threw back her head with a laugh. Dorsey stood and looked at her for a moment. He was a little dulled. Then he went out of the room.

He was down at the station to see the Great Man off. A mozo followed him, bringing a tribute of flowers. The Great Man stood on the rear platform of his private car—the private car of which Dorsey himself might, with another ending, have had the use. As the train pulled off he waved his hand, and there drifted back to Dorsey amid the rattle and the noise, as the very voice of Opportunity itself, a faint "Good-by."—Gwendolen Overton, San Francisco Argonaut.

The Khedive and the Rascal.

Even to the adventurers and downright swindlers who hung about his court at Cairo, and afterward pursued his wanderings, Ismail extended a good natured, half contemptuous patronage. He liked a rogue far better than a fool. Once, when he had formally forbidden his door to a flagrant offender, the man who knew his character, got a ladder and climbed into the viceroy's room, remarking, "I have obeyed your highness' commands, and have crossed your threshold by the window, and not by the door." The humor of the thing at once appealed to Ismail, and the offender was reinstated in his favor.—Athenaeum.

Food for Repentance.

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief.

"What is the matter?" inquired the princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?"

"Wall, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill, but no stomach carn't stand nine buns."—Good Words.

TOMBSTONES THEN AND NOW.

An Old Sexton Regrets That There Is Less Display of Affection Than Formerly.

An old sexton in one of the downtown burial grounds was arranging plants in the old yard where he has been for many years. Coddled a bit he talked, and this, according to the New York Sun, is part of what he said:

"It seems to me that the living of today are not quite so affectionate about their dead as their forefathers used to be. Leastwise they don't show it on the tombstones.

"If you will examine closely you will find on every tombstone in this yard some tender words. 'Here lies the beloved wife;' there, 'At rest in the bosom of God, over yonder,' 'Fell asleep in Jesus;' again, 'In loving remembrance of a devoted wife;' just beyond, 'In the blessed hope of a glorious immortality.'

"There is a tribute to every one of the dead in this yard. You will find around the corner a monument erected 'To the memory of a beloved aunt.' You see it made no difference a long time ago what the kinship was. All these stones are not in memory of a husband, or wife, or son, or daughter.

"Do you remember the inscription on that monument away up on Riverside drive, in the shadow of Grant's tomb? 'Erected to the memory of an amiable child' is the reading, although few people ever quote it correctly.

"You will wander about the cemeteries of New York a long time before you will find an inscription like that. I suppose amiable children still live and die, but who ever thinks of saying so on a tombstone after the child is dead?

"In the newer cemeteries are many costly monuments and tablets and mausoleums. They are erected, no doubt, with as much affection as these old stones were. But you don't find any of the tender tributes cut on them which you find here, granting that you have to look pretty closely for some of these.

"The 'beloved aunt' hasn't anything of the kind but her memory on the modern tombstone. Of some of the costly shafts I have seen in the newer cemeteries I read the name of the dead, his birth and death. Nothing to tell whether the dead was a father, a husband, a brother or a son.

"They say it makes no difference to the dead. Well, that's so, I suppose. But I can't help thinking that it kind o' interests the living.

"It makes you think a little better of the world to read that it has remembered a devoted wife; that it has missed a man who passed away in the hope of better things; that the beloved aunt was not forgotten.

"As you pass out through the east gate, sir, you will see a slab on which there is hardly a letter to be deciphered. But before the cuttings wore away they read: 'Hic jacet a Noble Friend.' Does any modern stonecutter ever cut 'Hic jacet?'" And where will you find a slab or monument to a 'Noble Friend?'

"The slab's to the left as you go out."

HAD HIS HAND IN IT.

But Not in a Way That Laid the Professor Liable to Any Sort of Discipline.

Considerable scandal was caused at Marietta college recently by a prank, which resulted in the expulsion of several students. One of the professors, who was very unpopular for undergraduate reasons, had been marked out for slaughter for a long time because of his attitude toward athletics. Prof. X——, the object of the dislike, was near sighted, and at the faculty meetings he was accustomed to creep down the long, dark stairway, feeling his way by the balustrade. It was decided that the best thing to do was to fix the balustrade, and one night while the faculty were meeting upstairs, a thick coat of molasses was laid over the rail. As a result the near-sighted professor met with an unpleasant surprise when he tried to feel his way downstairs in the dark.

The next day a rigid investigation was held. The suspected students were assembled in a room and warned that confession was the only escape from expulsion. Thus admonished, an appeal was made to any one who knew anything about the trick to confess, says the New York Tribune.

One of the culprits rose and said, hesitatingly:

"I don't know as I should say anything about this, but I guess I had better make a clean breast of it. I do know some one who had a hand in it."

He paused, as if afraid to continue, while his companions in crime looked at him in amazement.

"Well, who was it?" demanded the college inquisitor, sharply.

"Prof. X——."

Meat Balls.

Take the fag ends of meat—a little bacon, ham, mutton and perhaps roast beef, not enough of one kind for any decent dinner—and clear them of all bone and gristle, and chop together fine. Season strongly with sage, salt and pepper. Add one egg to bind, and make into balls just like sausage. Have a skillet hot with a little fat in it, and fry brown on both sides. They resemble sausage very much and are very economical.—Housekeeper.

A Delicious Dessert.

Beat the yolks of seven eggs with three-quarters of a pound of sugar until very light and thick. Add the grated rind of three lemons and stir over the fire in a large double boiler until thick, adding the strained juice of the lemons. When thick and smooth add the whites whipped to a stiff froth, and cut and stir for three minutes longer. Take from the fire and heap in small glasses.—N. Y. Post.